



IT'S THE INCREDIBLE

Mutant Pop

COMPACT DISC CATALOG

catalog
21-D
Aug. 2021

Short-Run Compact Discs have returned!

Short-Run Compact Discs are back! While I initially planned on relaunching the format this winter, I've decided to fast track Short Run Compact Discs (SRCDs) *now*. The economics of these homespun discs work even for small groups — which is the very definition of this little catalog and its loyal readers. An initial sale of 30 copies? Not a problem. Beyond that, the decision became easy after a couple bands pitched me projects that wouldn't be practicable as a \$1000+ compact disc, but which very well MIGHT HAVE made outstanding SRCDs. I understand the potential of this format and feel like that having this adjustable wrench in the toolbox is essential. Putting off a return to SRCDs "because reasons" makes no sense.

Before we get rolling with new SRCD material this fall, I want to resurrect some of the classics from the first foray in the format. My idea is to relaunch 10 favorites out of the approximately 40 titles that were issued and to leave the other 30 out of print forever. Hardcore collectors will still have many rarities to chase, but those seeking the best music released will no longer face a gargantuan financial burden or insurmountable collecting challenge. Everyone should be happy... Hopefully this visit to lost classics from 20 years ago will generate a little bit of enthusiasm and start collector juices flowing.

For those of you unfamiliar with the term, SRCDs are CD-R discs that feature a professionally screen-printed faceplate. So far as I am aware, they are my own creation. Blanks are purchased from media supply companies in lots of 1,000, with the basic design of the discs changing annually and the color of the disc changing with each batch. There were a total of 8,000 SRCDs made from 2000 to 2002 — although this tally does include a substantial number of discs spoiled

during the burning process.

For those of you keeping track at home the faceplates were produced in the following order:

- (1) **Purple Edison cylinder player** (2000)
- (2) **Green Edison cylinder player** (2000)
- (3) **Blue Edison cylinder player** (2000)
- (4) **Burgundy Edison player, gold disc** (2000)

Note: There was an enormous fail rate on the gold discs. Probably a third of these ended up in the dumpster due to burn errors during duplication.

- (5) **Burgundy Edison player, silver disc** (2000)
- (6) **Black Monty Python Brave Sir Robin** (2001)
- (7) **Orange-and-yellow phoenix** (2002)
- (8) **Green-and-blue phoenix** (2002)

No records were kept of how many of each title were made using each particular faceplate. Moreover, no proper records have even survived for how many of each title were produced! (I blame the loss of this information on the half a dozen dead computers and dozen or so software garbling iterations of the Mac OS between then and now...) In general, things sold better at the front end, with the Peabodys and Proteens crossing the 500 copy mark, and dwindled badly at the end, with fewer than 125 of some of the last titles produced — a big chunk of which were band copies.

The 2021 relicense calls for up to 150 copies per title, with bands prepaid a royalty in advance of \$1 per disc on that projected pressing. For the first bunch through the burner I am starting with 30 copies per title, with additional copies made as needed. Disc numbers will start at 601. I seriously doubt that I will reach the 150

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mark on more than one or two of these, the CD format being as diminished in the marketplace as it is, but hope springs eternal. We'll see.

These will be burned in my 6-up CD duplicator. Then title information will once again be handwritten by me on the face of the disc in CD-safe permanent ink. Twenty years ago I used regular Sharpies with very little problem, I think I had exactly one out of about 60 SRCDs in my collection crap out after sitting around for two decades. However, a few people have mentioned some sort of chemical reaction between the pens I used and the recording layer inside the discs which rendered them unplayable. Therefore, with a view to making good any such accidental disaster, I announce the following:

SRCD DISC REPLACEMENTS

Any Mutant Pop SRCD manufactured from 2000 to 2002 which has failed may be returned for replacement with a fresh disc. Just return the bad disc to me: Mutant Pop Records, 5010 NW Shasta, Corvallis, OR 97330. You pay postage to me, I pay postage to you, the replacement disc itself is free.

Sound reasonable?

Next, the matter of subscriptions. There will be no subscriptions this time around. From 2000 to 2002, SRCDs were basically sold in subscriptions of 12, released in "waves" of three discs at a time. This release scheme had its roots in the way sleeves were printed in gangs of three and the economics of postage. Unfortunately, an overly rapid pace of releases burned people out; subscription numbers fell precipitously as the series progressed. By 2002 I was demoralized by dwindling interest in the format as well as pushback to my attempt (and failure) to make sleeves on demand using an ink jet printer. Things ended suddenly and sloppily for MP. Not every subscriber was properly refunded for unshipped discs of the last subscription; some were, many were not. Furthermore, no proper records survive as to who was properly refunded out and who was not.

So this: **Anyone who feels I owe them discs or money from the prematurely terminated last subscription**

of 2002, drop me a line with your disc number at MutantPop@aol.com and we will figure out a solution.

My sincere apologies to anyone so affected. (I don't think there were more than ten or twenty people involved, half of whom even care, but even one is too many if anyone still feels badly about it. So please get in touch if you do.)

There is one more housekeeping matter to take care of before we get on to the releases themselves — packaging. The original SRCDs were shipped in black Viewpak™ safety sleeves manufactured by Univenture in Columbus, Ohio. Production of this item has subsequently been discontinued. There are still white sleeves available on the market, but the quality appears to be far inferior to the 2000-vintage stuff. I never really liked the way the white version looked either.

Therefore, in 2021 the packaging will change. After spending time examining the alternatives, I have decided on the following as the standard new package: a 5.2 mm "thinline" jewel box, with both the lid and tray crystal clear, not frosted or colored. These will be backed with a thick, glossy standard insert, color coordinated with the disc faceplate. A resealable plastic bag will be used to hold everything together in the mail. This will also help preserve the case over time, assuming that people don't throw them away. I'm quite happy at having more or less successfully solved what proved to be a surprisingly tricky packaging mystery.

Jeez, I haven't even talked about the five August reissues yet! Let's get on with it!

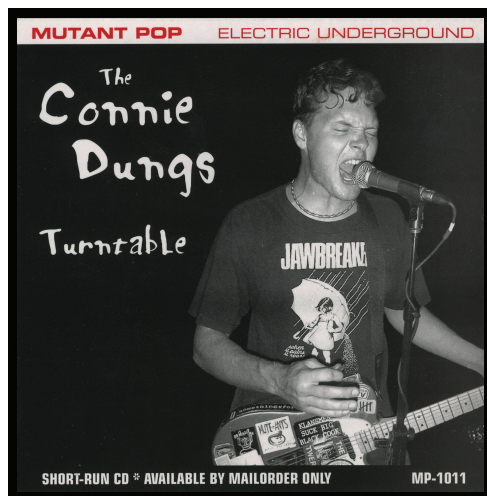
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First up in one of my personal favorites, **MP-1039 Dirt Bike Annie: Sweatin' to the Oldies — Live Jersey City 2000** [first faceplate: Blue Edison, 2000; last sold on Discogs in July 2019, median price \$17.65]. There is not a better recording of a 1990s punk rock basement show, period — the band set up and recorded to 8-tracks. But, beyond the fact that it actually sounds good, there is this: the show was a 21st birthday celebration for DBA Super Fan Mark Enoch (who later went on to form Knock Knock Records, which put out a pig-pile of cool pop-punk stuff).

For his birthday bash, Enoch put together a knowledgeable set list dating all the way back to “Digging Holes in My Backyard,” the band’s first-ever song. A couple tunes that appear nowhere else are therefore documented here, as well as early hits aplenty and a super catchy Happy Birthday song written especially for Enoch.

A great band, on top of their game, in their home venue, recording things properly, and playing a tight set that includes rare material? That makes this absolutely indispensable for any fan of the band! And really, honestly, what pop-punk fan is not a DBA True Believer? Drummery is by Mikey Erg, perhaps you have heard of him. I’m proud of having been associated with this release and just so delighted that the four band members — all wonderful human beings, even if one of them is a freakish-looking blue-haired sonuvabitch — have seen this recording in the same light as I have. If you don’t own it yet, you need it; if you do own it, buy another copy for a friend.

MP-1011 The Connie Dungs: *Turntable* [first faceplate: Brave Sir Robin, March 2002; last sold on Discogs in April 2021, median price \$22.99] is regarded by many as the best SRCD of the series — seven tracks recorded



in a local studio, only one of which appear on any of the band’s six albums.

This was originally slated as a recording for a Mutant Pop seven-inch as “Turntable” b/w “Head Pop” (which uses the

word “beside” again and again — B-side, get it?). But, alas, costs and the vinyl market were what they were and I was weak; the entire session ended up as a short run. But what a short run it is! The smash hits are actually

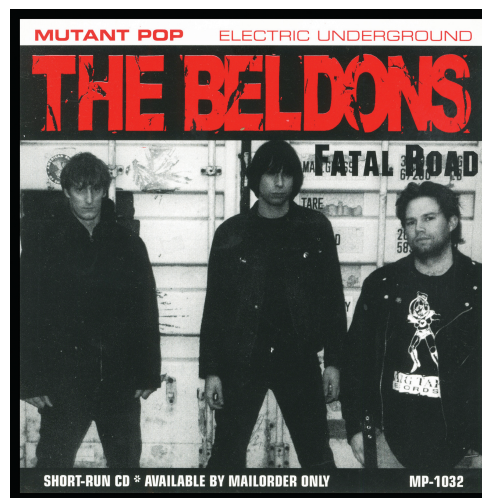
neither of the proposed single tracks, but rather include the balls-to-the-wall rocker “Teenage Hate Band” (one of my Dungs favorites!) as well as the witty “Eye Doctor.”

I was in Ashland for the mix during one of my cross country trips. At that time Brandon and I also recorded our own weird mutilated dub versions of “Eye Doctor,” neither of which are included here even though they probably should have been. No matter. There are a lot of Dungs rarities in the long grass and maybe someday those, too, will see the light of day.

P.S. As I am sure all of you know, Brandon has been held in county jail for *over three years* awaiting trial on very serious criminal charges. Some of you have already made up your minds that he’s a piece of shit based on an arrest report and a mugshot. A couple of you have made up your minds that he’s probably innocent based on little-known local details. I’ve made up my mind that I believe first and foremost in the principle of “innocent until proven guilty” and that nobody — NOBODY — should be held behind bars for *over three years* awaiting trial by jury. None of us know the truth in his case, neither you nor I. Someday, eventually, the evidence will finally be presented and a jury will hear it and decide the matter. Only then we will know.

MP-1032 The Beldons: *Fatal Road* [first faceplate: Orange-and-yellow phoenix, 2002; last sold on Discogs March 2020, median price \$17.93] is one of the best pieces of Ramonescore released on MP. While the label is laser-focused on harmony-forward vaguely post-Ramones sounds, very little of this material claims direct lineage from Joey and Johnny. Rather, things are generally refracted and tweaked — first or second cousins rather than direct siblings. This particular release is certainly closer to the sound and spirit of the Brothers Ramone than most. And that is a good thing! This is real deal Ramonescore for the believers!

Davey and Ben Beldon, a pair of talented Québécois, know how to put three chords in a row and make it roar. Five songs here, with the top flight production by Cliffy Huntington and featuring a raging guitar tone capable of killing birds and small animals at half volume. The six-



string war machine on this sounds as good as anything our friend Mass Giorgini and his associates ever did at Sonic Iguana. Drumming is by Mikee Huntington — are you noticing a serious Ramonescore connection yet?

I pushed Ryan Droppa pretty hard to cover one of their songs on the TSG *Fuzzy* album, it was super catchy and would have worked well. He chose instead to turn the spotlight elsewhere. No matter, now people can finally grab the Original for their collections. This is one of the releases from 2002 that got skipped by a few people who ran out of gas with the series and the label. There are no excuses this time around, my friends. This one is, quoting Tony Tiger, *grrrrrrrrreat!!!*

MP-1028 Nerd Gets the Girl: Soda Shop Romance

[first faceplate: Orange-and-yellow phoenix, 2002; last sold on Discogs May 2021, median price \$19.98] continues the Canadian invasion, featuring the music of Jon and Michelle Wilkins, life partners from our northern neighbor's

wild, wild west.

Again, this is one of my very, very favorite MP releases, bar none. Super catchy and super fun and super sweet tuneage about short-lived Junior High School popu-

larity, tinnitus, hangin' at the beach, and wanting to do the naughty with Florence Henderson and/or Maureen McCormick.

A muddy mastering muddle by me, sorry about that, but it does growl loud and raw and punk beneath the sugary vocals and harmonies. The girl of the nerd, Michelle, one the nicest people I have met, takes the mic on "Dance" — a catchy little hit in its own right. Liner notes indicate that this recording features a special guest appearance by Bil McRackin, he of the band shaped like an egg. How many of you know he was a Mutant Pop vet?

I totally screwed the proverbial pooch by failing to get this excellent six pack of fun into people's collections in 2002. Let's rectify my grave shortcoming now!

MP-1024 The Hitchcocks: Psyche! [first faceplate: Blue Edison, 2000; last sold on Discogs May 2021, median price \$21.31]. Hailing from Ohio, these three harmo-

ny boys dished up max catchiness in the mode of their Buckeye brethren, The Proms. The tunes are well-crafted and the harmonies exquisite — very much in the vein of what I am chasing hard for MP going forward. The Hitchcocks achieved minor-legend status by turning in a set that was the consensus favorite of the 2000 Mutant Pop fest in Warren, PA.

This was followed by the release of a couple albums that a few of the hippest kids heard and raved about but which near zero people ever owned. By the time everybody figured out that they loved the Hitchcocks, their stuff was nowhere to be had, including, sadly, this outstanding six-song extravaganza.

BTW, Ryan Droppa covered one of their songs, "Bad Poetry," as part of his *Fuzzy* covers album — that may been the excellent first introduction to the group for many of you. Mikey likes it.

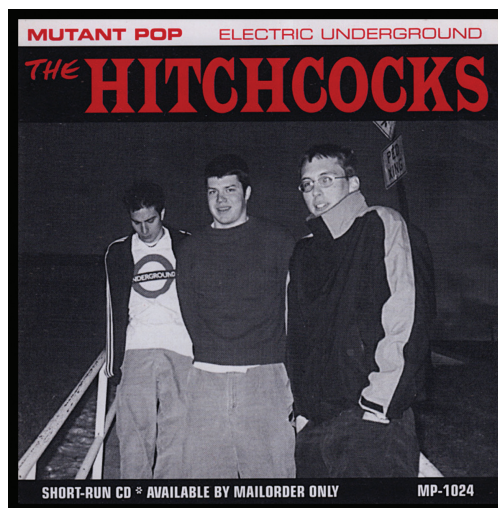
So those are the five SRCDs back from oblivion in August. With any luck five more glorious golden oldies will be back in print in September. Then the plan for October is to rescue five or more of the dozen-ish titles smashed in the spectacular MP implosion of 2002. This will fully open the door for brand new titles starting in November. Thereafter things will not be done in groups of five, but rather which will appear two here and one there.

Thank you for your support of this series. Those of you who preordered have helped to finance the considerable startup cost of getting SRCDs rolling again, a couple thousand bucks by the time the smoke clears. Those who have not yet placed orders yet, go for it! I should have them ready to ship by the time this catalog is in your hands, or a couple days after.

SRCDs will be priced at \$5 each, or 5-for-\$20. As you can see from the median prices paid on Discogs, cited above, first edition SRCDs have been bringing about \$20 each in the collector market, and sometimes substantially more than that on eBay. These are good value.

My Paypal remains: **MutantPop@aol.com**. Remember to include your mailing address and to list what you seek when you order. Thanks!

—t.c.



A Very Special Band

A Conversation with Charlie Bunce of After School Special and Ball & Chain

Hi Charlie! Well, it seems like you are one of the men of the hour, being the bassist of After School Special. What do you think about the reaction to the re-issue of the AFS album on Something to Do Records of Seattle? There's a lot of buzz about that release at the moment... Am I mistaken in saying that there are more fans of the band today than there were in 1997, when the album first came out?

I think its amazing! I've loved discovering that there is a supportive group of fans out there that have their own stories and experiences with the music. It's pretty mind blowing considering we never toured; and none of us ever imagined that we'd have any real following at all, or guessed that many people beyond our friends and family would really get a chance to hear the music. I'd put it to you and Matthew Ostrom of Something to Do Records to gauge how many fans we had back then vs now, since you're both in the position

to really see the records sell (or not!), but I'm not going to lie, it feels pretty good hearing and reading the responses of everyone about the re-release.

Catchy songwriting aside, it seems pretty clear that After School Special strikes a deep chord with pop-punk fans. What exactly is it about that lyrics that seems to connect in such a fundamental way?

I think there's an innocence to many of the AFS songs that people relate to — especially those awkward moments that no one really wants to think about or admit that we may have all experienced. Things like obsessing over a crush, being too nervous to make a phone call, feeling a sense of loneliness after friends have gone home — I imagine a lot of us can relate to those moments and I think David really had a talent for expressing those lyrically.



How did you meet David? How did the band come together?

I met David in kindergarten. We bonded over Star Wars — I distinctly remember drawing “power converters” with him at recess, and taping three or four sheets of paper together to draw “life size” images of the alien band from the Mos Eisley Cantina to hang up in his playhouse so we could pretend to be Luke and Han in that outpost of scum and villainy. We didn’t see each other much between 2nd and 4th grade when we went to different schools, but reconnected when we were in class together again in 5th grade and had stayed close friends since.

We met Ted Hunter, the AFS drummer, in middle school — he was a year older than us. In high school, he played with another one of our friends, Erich DeLeon, in a metal band called Redline. The guitarist thought they were so epic that I was directed to not film his hands out of fear people might steal his sweet licks!

In college David picked up guitar and I picked up bass and we both started playing around with people at our respective schools. In 1993 David acquired a 4-track cassette recorder and started writing songs; he needed a drummer and asked Ted if he would lay down some basic tracks for the demo over summer break. They started playing together and had Erich sit in on bass and produced the first demo that would become the foundation of After School Special.

When I heard that demo I couldn’t believe how great it was! I was living with Ted at school and made it a point to learn to play all of the songs with the hope of playing with

them the following Summer. Because of Erich’s schedule, he wasn’t around the next break we had, so I seized the opportunity, and by the next summer David had another full demo of songs for us. I don’t remember exactly when we decided we were a “band,” nor how we decided on After School Special as our name, but I remember that for a while we were toying with the name Slow Children, inspired by the warning road signs.

After School Special is one of those fairly rare bands that was put on the map by a couple pieces of 7-inch vinyl. How did those two records come about? (Adam Baum EP, 1995; The Existentialist Blues EP, 1996) When and where were those recorded? Did David pay for the recording or was the cost split amongst the band?

At some point we decided to make our own recording on a professional level — the *Adam Baum* EP. It was a self-release, we paid for everything. Ted found a small recording studio in Hollywood, near Hollywood & Vine, called Room 222 that had super cheap rates for the time. We went in and recorded 6 songs in the tiny studio on over 2 or 3 days. We had a small run of 500 copies pressed at Rainbo Records in LA. We made our covers for cheap at Kinkos, where I was working the graveyard shift. Loss Prevention — the label name we used — was a reference to the anti-theft process at a bookstore David had worked at in high school.

We put an ad for the record in *Maximum Rock’n’Roll*, got some decent reviews and a little buzz. David had written another demo’s worth of songs, and a friend of David’s in



San Francisco offered to pay to release our next EP if we covered the recording costs. So we went back to Room 222 and recorded what became *The Existentialist Blues*. The name inspired by a comment of one of David's roommates. We did our own cover art, but it was paid for by Unheard Records — who I believe was basically Ken Yamazaki, later the lead guitarist in Enemy You.

After *The Existentialist Blues* got some small distribution is when I believe you got a hold of David and expressed interest in working with the band which resulted in our self-titled CD and the *Wrong* 7-inch.

[Note: I was actually the “small distribution” for both *Adam Baum* and *The Existential Blues* as 1000 Flowers. So far as I am aware I was the only distro to carry them. —t.c.]

I was told once that After School Special never played a single show during their entire existence. I was recently informed that this was incorrect... What's the real scoop?

Haha, we never played out and I'd love to know who says different! I do know there's at least one other “After School Special” out there, and maybe that's who we're getting confused with? But the rumors of AFS ever playing a real show have been exaggerated, to say the least. We do have a set of recordings I've always referred to as “Live in Ted's Room” — which was really just us recording scratch stuff to a click track before heading into the studio for the self-titled album. The tempo on our original recording of “I Only Wanna Be With You” speeds up by the end of the song, and

we wanted to avoid that for the CD tracks. If I slapped some fake crowd sounds on those tracks they could probably pass as a live show recording, but no one else was in the room with us when we recorded them to constitute any kind of audience or performance. “Live in Ted's Room” by the way, may be making its way to the public soon!

In 2001 my band Jagular played a show with Enemy You in Utah; my band covered “Kitty Corner” and David was in the crowd — but that's the closest AFS has been to being on stage together. I guess our final musical collaboration as a trio would have been the 2003 Enemy You 7-inch *Video to Radio* — I recorded it and Ted mastered it.

How did you hook up with Matthew of Something to Do? What was your reaction when he told you he wanted to reissue a 25-year old CD that had sold all of 1,000 copies?

Dustin Umberger (“Grim Deeds”), a friend of David's, connected us actually. Matthew reached out to us around this time last summer and Ted and I were both pleasantly surprised to say the least. I told Matthew that the first thing he needed to do was clear it with Tim from Mutant Pop. Once the ball started rolling it became pretty exciting. Matthew is great; he's got this amazing enthusiasm that's infectious. It's also been fun to see his genuine reactions as we've shared a lot of our previously unreleased material, demos, etc. with him, some of which is in the works to get a release as well. Matthew is awesome. There's some really great bands on Something To Do and we're happy to be part of the family.



If I have one complaint about the 2021 reissue, it is that a new cover was used. As primitively executed (by me) as the original album cover was, it strikes me as an absolutely perfect reflection of David's lyrical perspective. He was absolutely explicit about that cover: "I want the band photo in black and white and the world around in color" — sort of a reverse take on the arty movie Rumblefish, if you will. "Okay, whatever..." It's really easy to read that cover art backwards — "Oh, duh, that was a manifestation of depression, how could I have missed that?!" Still, to me, that particular cover is part of the essence of the band, and a big part. Instead, now we have a happy Archie cartoon. Wheee! Am I wrong in valuing the old cover art the way I do?

The truth? [You can't handle the truth!] None of us were really excited about the Mutant Pop trend of having the band photos as the cover for the record, but it does make total sense for you to value the OG art. To be honest, I don't think I knew — at least don't remember knowing — about the decision to have the photo in black and white with color around us. Maybe that would have helped me be more invested in it. The photo was taken by Ted's sister, Maria, who is now a professional photographer in New York.

I do have nostalgic feelings for the original CD cover, but I L-O-V-E the Archie inspired cover for the rerelease, and was probably the most vocal proponent of it between Matthew, Ted, and me. I totally get that tonally it may not match some of the lonely-guy lyrics or the history of the band, but the Archie aesthetic gets me pretty stoked. Plus David and I were big comic-book geeks and I think Dave would have appreciated seeing himself in a comic persona. Also, the Archie-inspired cover is a comic rendition of the band photo on the inside of our original *Adam Baum* EP so it's a cool throwback to our first record.

While I'm griping, it also strikes me as sort of wrong to put the Clash t-shirt on cartoon Archie-David... I remember airbrushing the Clash's band name off your London Calling shirt in Photoshop for the original cover because I didn't want the words on the shirt to distract from the image. You were the Clash guy in the band, were you not?

Yes, I was surprised, happily so, that the band names showed up in the final comic-cover. Those shirts are actually what we're wearing in the photo that inspired the cover. I do remember the need to take "The Clash" off my shirt for the photo on the album cover. I still have that shirt, actually.

To give full credit where credit is due, I remember David introducing The Clash to me on the playground in 6th grade. He played me "Stay Free" — I wasn't hooked on the band until about a year later — and until that time I thought that song was called "In the Classroom" because that was the main part I remembered from the song.

The Clash was, and probably is still, my favorite band of all time. I know everyone says *London Calling* is their best

while others make strong arguments for *Sandinista!*, but I still really love their self-titled debut album. It's raw but has musical moments that highlight some of the areas they'd explore in later albums.

What other bands were part of the collective experience of you, David, and Ted?

Well, Ted contributed the metal side of things — Rush and Iron Maiden being the two biggest influences in that vein. David always made fun of Rush — in fact in our senior year of high school David was mortified when he learned that our friend Adam (no relation to Adam Baum — ha!) and I met Joe Strummer randomly at our local grocery store and I was wearing a Rush t-shirt. Years later David and Enemy You recorded a cover of Iron Maiden's "Wasted Years," so it took a while for him to embrace the Ted influence, but in the end it was inescapable. Joe Strummer was *super* cool and nice, by the way. Adam and I talked with him in the orange juice section of the aisle.

David, through his older sister Grace, was the fountain of most of our punk influence, starting with The Clash and the Sex Pistols, then Bad Religion, NOFX, and the early Epitaph bands. I think it was our senior year we were watching a Los Angeles public access music video show — because, kids, that's what we did in those days! — and this guy Mike Ness was getting interviewed about his band's new album. Social Distortion then performed what was probably "Story of My Life" and we rushed out and bought anything we could find of theirs right after the show ended. After the first year of college is when we discovered Lookout! and were introduced to Screeching Weasel and the Queers. It was a great time for discovering great music.

I recently came across an accounting statement for the MP-502 album project. It looks like I paid in \$1000 towards the recording plus 150 copies — so that means it likely cost more than that. Do you remember what that recording at Room 222 actually cost? And what was the process of recording the album like, what sort of studio was it? How long did it take?

I don't remember what the actual cost was, but I do remember David, Ted, and me each pitching in a couple of hundred of dollars split between the three of us. I have notes where David was calculating how much each of us was still owed and he paid us off in parts every time a check came in from the CD sales.

The studio was pretty compact — mostly consisting of a small tracking room and a small control room. Our early stuff was recorded on their Fostex half-inch 16-track tape machine. For the CD sessions I believe we got to use the studio's newly acquired 24-track 2-inch tape machine. We can't have spent more than 3 days recording. We did bring with us that click-track session we recorded in Ted's room

so we could keep a steady tempo for each of the songs. Recordable CDs were still a pretty novel and expensive thing at the time so we were excited to get a copy of the rough mixes at the end of each day that we could play on different systems at home.

Why did After School Special come to an end? What happened to bring that about?

By the end 1996 we had started planning a tour with The Lillingtons for Summer 1997. The plan was to use the tour to work through the most recent batch of David's songs we had demoed and record another CD at the end of the summer. David wanted to have the tour include everyone who had been a part of AFS, not just for sentimental reasons, but to ensure that we had a full sound when playing live. He asked me to pick up rhythm guitar, and we planned bringing Erich back in as the original bassist.

Around the new year, I think, Ted got engaged with a Spring wedding date. Understandably, his fiancé wasn't excited about the prospect of her new husband taking off for the summer, so he had to back out of the tour. Erich and I suggested getting a temp drummer, but David wanted this adventure to include all the original guys, or not at all. By then he had been starting to play with the guys that would eventually form Enemy You, and with all of us in AFS living in different cities, he decided to let the tour and recording plans fizzle.

To be honest, I was pretty bitter at the time — frustrated and disappointed. I was looking forward to the time with friends and the music. For a long time I wondered what would have happened if we had gone through with the tour. Just as there was no real official "we're a band" moment, there was no real official discussion of "its over" or "the band is breaking up." In the end, we were living in different cities across the country and our lives and other pursuits just became bigger priorities, and AFS just kind of gathered dust.... until now!

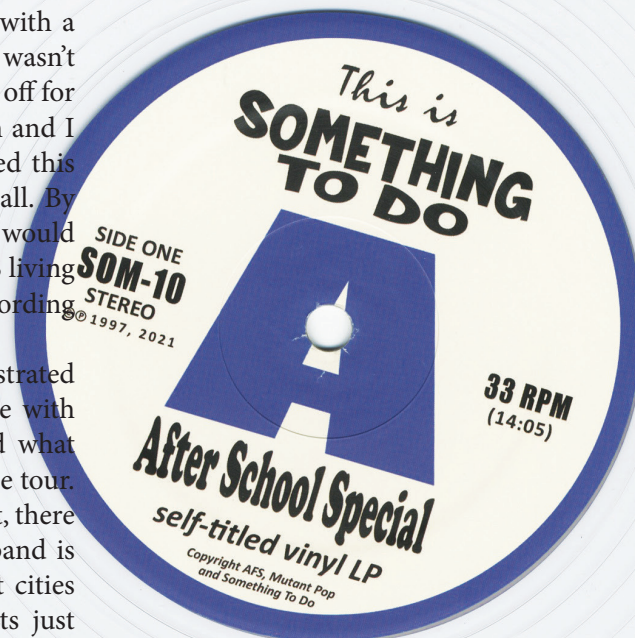
Did you play in any other bands after After School Special? Did you record anything?

As the sun was setting on After School Special, I was in a band with Ted that started out as Little Black Raincloud but ended up as No Soap Joe with our guitarist-singer-songwriter friends Ben Duffy and Steve Louis in Utah. At the time, I told Ben that our stuff reminded me of a cross between The Police and Weezer, to which Ben replied: "Fuck you." I'd be curious to know if Ben would still be as offended at that statement.

Around that time I had started writing my own stuff and had picked up guitar, originally in anticipation of the AFS tour. I recorded a series of songs with Ben on drums under the name The Repetitives. That morphed into a group of us in Chicago playing under that same name, which morphed into the band Jagular when I moved back to LA. Jagular has

an album *Waiting for Hoyt* floating around in DIY land — I can't imagine anyone besides me still has copies of it.

Finally I decided I didn't want to front a band anymore so I recruited a friend to sing lead and we reformed as Ball & Chain. My wife did a small documentary on us called *Bald & Chained*. We mostly look at the band like it's the weekly poker game. No delusions of much beyond that — playing out maybe 2 or 3 times a year. We have a full Christmas punk album that we tried putting on iTunes a few years ago but none of us followed up when the process didn't result in availability. We also have a full-length album that's pretty much finished except for maybe a lead guitar track or some backing vocals that we've been meaning to finish for like a decade. This pandemic year was going to be our year to finish it! If you, or Matthew, are looking for some holiday pop-punk cheer to release, I'll hook you up — we even have cover art done already!



As you mention, David went on to form Enemy You, a band that recorded for Ben Weasel's Panic Button Records. NMEU was much more glossy in its production and their stuff seemed to me to have jumped genres from post-Ramones three-chord pop-punk to SoCal "melodic hardcore" of the post-Bad Religion universe. I really did not care for that band, I still haven't been able to make myself listen to them more than a half a dozen times. At one point I made the mistake of telling David that the new band didn't do it for me and that in twenty years it would be After School Special that was the band that people truly cared about, implying it was a mistake to walk away from what he had been doing. This proved to be a very impolitic thing to say and I was pretty much dead to him after that. What is your take? Was Enemy You a break from or an extension of After School Special?

First off, if David harbored any negative feelings toward you for any reason, he never shared them with me, so I'm not sure you were cut off so to speak for not liking Enemy You or

anything you may have said musically. As I said earlier, Bad Religion played a pretty big role in our musical influence. For years we referred to their albums *Suffer, No Control*, and *Against the Grain* as “The Holy Trinity,” so it’s not super surprising that Enemy You went that direction musically. You can see elements of that in AFS songs like “Not Gonna Take It,” “Adam Baum,” and “Generation Game.” Some of the songs that were originally written for AFS ended up as Enemy You songs as well, such as “Janeane Hates Herself,” “City of Lost Children,” “The Screw,” and so on.

Having said that, David’s Enemy You lyrics definitely are more mature — not in the “older or more adult” sense, but in a more world-weary sense. There are still some songs about relationships and the hopes and trepidations surrounding them, but the innocence has been replaced with a lens of the darkness that reality can bring to those situations. To use a modern meme as a metaphor — AFS would be the “Expectation” verses Enemy You’s lyric “Reality.” Would AFS have gotten there eventually? Perhaps — but probably not as quickly as it happened with Enemy You.

Between the two bands, what do you think were David’s very best songs?

That’s a hard question. “Somewhere Inside” and “Kitty Corner” have been favorites for a long time. It’s not widely available yet but “1151” is about our weekends in high school and is maybe my favorite AFS song of all time. The lyrics were actually written by our friend Adam Greenfield, and David always said it was funny and weird singing about his house from someone else’s perspective. I’ve always loved “Janeane Hates Herself” — I remember the first time I heard the song and I noted it as a milestone in Dave’s songwriting. I’m not sure if I’m outing him in any way, but that song is actually about Janeane Garofalo, whom he had a mad celebrity crush on when we were in college.

I *really* love Enemy You’s “For You.” I think it beautifully and starkly sums up all the hopes, expectations, and fears about relationships in a tight, fantastic song. “Kind Hearts” is about the way the town we grew up in has changed, along with how we’ve changed — I’d say I tear up about 70% of the time I listen to it — it’s been that way since the first time I heard it. “72 Hours” is fantastic — my favorite song of his for a while.

David committed suicide in 2015. Where were you when you heard the news? What was your reaction?

I was on set filming a project for my MFA program and I had a missed call from Adam. He left a voice message asking me to call back as soon as I could. I didn’t know what it was about for sure, but I felt enough that it wasn’t going to be good, so I had to wait and build myself up to go and call Adam back. He told me the news, it was devastating. I’m terrible at dealing with death — I get caught in the “Denial”

stage and tend to ignore or suppress the reality of it. I know on so many levels that’s like the worst possible thing to do with grief, but I can’t break myself of those patterns. Despite all that, I think about David and his death all the time. It’s hard to quantify the true scale of just how much of an impact he had on my life. It hurts that he’s gone.

Do you have any advice for people who might be dealing with depression?

Talk about it. Let people know, and then let people help you with it. I know those are easy things to say, but no matter who you are, there is someone — even if it’s a help line — where someone will be there to listen and to support you. And if you are the one that someone reaches out to, be there for them. Don’t freak out, don’t minimize or dismiss their thoughts and pain; listen, support, love. In context of punk, I think one of the miraculous things about music is the potential it can bring for emotional experience in a very real, therapeutic way. Let music be a support or an outlet.

I hear that there are a couple more After School Special records coming on Something to Do. Could you share a few details about these?

Yes! Shameless plug time! We’ve got an album of previously unreleased AFS songs (including many I’ve mentioned in this interview) on the horizon — tentatively called “Lost Episodes.” This includes the songs we were prepping before our potential tour — like “1151” — that were recorded over 1996–97, which would have been the bulk of our second full-length album. We’ll also be releasing the “Live in Ted’s Room” tracks I talked about — which will give you as close an experience as any to what we may have sounded like if we ever did play a live show. Plus we’ve got a handful of the original 4-track stuff that hadn’t made it to demo or studio level yet but are super catchy fun songs that need to get some public love. So we’ll be putting the fans to the test and see how the unreleased AFS stuff fares after all these years.

Do you have any big plans for Ball & Chain?

Even though we haven’t done much through the pandemic we’ll see the stage again sometime soon — maybe in a holiday-themed show doing some of our punked up Christmas tunes. I swear we pre-dated the Bad Religion album by a couple of years! And maybe... just maybe... we’ll finally finish that full-length album of originals!

Thank you for your time, Charlie!

It may have been an emotional ride for a few of the questions, but it was my pleasure!



POP-PUNK CDs:

CRIMINAL MALFEASANCE or MERE FOLLY?

Given that the document you hold in your hands is a Mutant Pop catalog, I imagine it's highly likely (but by no means certain, given that the document you hold in your hands is, as I said, a Mutant Pop catalog) that you realize that Father Timbo is currently engaged in a madcap and quixotic



quest to bring back pop-punk CDs — or, at bare minimum, to boldly forge an environment where the manufacture and distribution of same is vaguely self-sustaining, as was the case, say, a quarter-century ago. From a certain perspective, this is great: Being personally stockpiled with what figures to be lifetime supply of leftover pop-punk CDs I released, say, a quarter-century ago, I welcome any chance to make a few bucks and clear a box or two of crap out of my

shed. A rising tide floats all boats! *Go, Timbo, Go!* By another perspective, however, bringing back pop-punk CDs is kinda totally stupid, on account of *I'm still not done being sick of this shit yet*. I mean, fuck, dude! The '90s were brutal! Seriously, the first time I heard a band try to sound like the Ramones — I mean, *really really REALLY* trying to sound like the Ramones — it was the Richies, around 1990. I thought it was great! Stupendous! *Vunderbar!* A few years later it was Head, then the Riverdales. I think humanity could have collectively issued a mandate at that point barring any such further ridiculousness, and we all would have gotten along just fine. I mean, the Riverdales copying the Ramones was okay, but then you had bands *copying the Riverdales!* Then you had bands copying the bands who copied the Riverdales! Then you had bands copying the bands who copied the bands who copied the bands who copied the Riverdales! It was like photocopying a photocopy of a photocopy! (actually, I think that's how Art Chantry got that "distressed type" look on his album graphics in the '90s, by photocopying photocopies of photocopies. Perhaps I have no case here. Nevertheless, I persisted) It was like Covid of the fucking ear! *Who's the irresponsible dipshit in charge who didn't order that mandate???* The Queers were all well and good, but they weren't SO fucking wonderful that I really needed to be permanently asphyxiated under a teeming dunghill (wait, wouldn't a dunghill be more "steaming" than "teeming?") With what would a dunghill theoretically teem? Don't answer that, it was a rhetorical question. Also somewhat gross. I might have to change that phrase), that is to say, a teeming anthill (wait, this is no good, either. Anthills do teem, but they are small and do not accurately convey the scope of the situation. I'm going to change it again), I mean, a steaming dunghill (all right, now *that* just sounds mean and overly critical, perhaps this train of thought needs to be permanently abandoned, for the sake of not offending our sponsor, if nothing else), er, a *generously-portioned mound* of forty-eight-zillion other bands all spewing forth their own personal variants on the Queers theme. If I want to listen to something Queers-y, I will very likely listen to the Queers themselves. My appetite for consuming neo-Queersiness is neither endless nor boundless, and

said appetite was met and exceeded — *spectacularly* exceeded — over two decades ago. If pop-punk is the elastic waistband in a pair of whitey-tighties (and many of us believe this to be the case), then the '90s stretched those poor Fruit Of The Looms over a tractor tire (or object of similar girth), despite the garment's quite understandable protestations and pleas for mercy. The pop-punk elastic waistband in my underwear is well and truly twanged-out, seemingly beyond repair, and a prudent fellow would have been well-advised to make the switch to boxers some time ago anyway. If I never hear another pop-punk band for the rest of my life, I'm probably good with that. Same with hardcore, I don't think I would've missed much if hardcore just shut off like a faucet about thirty-five years ago (in case you're not privy to my surely-riveting biography, my two most well-known bands were an '80s hardcore band and a '90s pop-punk band). GLUT, dude. GLUT! Glut like the Atari E.T. game cartridge! Glut like hand sanitizer in 2021! Glut like *those fuckin' superhero movies!* Yet, this dismaying state o' affairs need not necessarily be the case: Pop hooks and punk energy go together like Chocolate Chip and Mint (I'd offer a few more clever examples of delightful pairs here, but I think I already beat the simile thing to death with that whole bit about the glut and I'm already getting a joke about boobs forming in the back of my mind, which must be quashed to maintain the grim pretense of propriety). When properly concocted and delivered, none can say pop-punk nay! Well, they can, but fuck those people anyway, they're not your real friends. So, musically, punk is defined by a few rigid parameters; as long as your sound lands within those sonic

boundaries, you can kinda do whatever else you want within their friendly confines (punk is also often sonically limited by practical necessity, given the non-virtuoso level of the majority of performers). Pop is less stylistically defined, but is bound by a certain inescapable formal traditionalism. One would reckon that if one were disposed to like pop-punk (which, despite all appearances, I very much am), you could just keep hitting that particular intersection of the Venn diagram (the one where POP and PUNK intersect, are you still with me?) *over and over and over* again, and your tastebuds (the ones in your ears) (this reminds me of that rather filthy “Tastebuds” song off that King Khan & BBQ Show album, have you heard that one? Timbo should sell that CD if he doesn’t already, you could get yourselves some culture) would be relatively happy, in perpetuity. The problem is that, to function properly, the *pop* aspect of things requires the music’s delivery vehicle to constantly maintain the appearance of *freshness*. Pop might never be new, but it must always strive to be, at bare minimum, *un-old*. Pop that sounds fresh and new is *glorious! Life-affirming! Uplifting as a Summer’s Eve commercial!* Pop that doesn’t sound fresh and new is imitative dreck. EVERYBODY LIKES DONUTS! NOBODY LIKES STALE DONUTS! (well, I kind of don’t mind them. Shit, my story has a lot of holes in it, huh?) To question whether any aspect of A Pop Thing is legitimately fresh and new or not is to miss the point entirely: *Of COURSE nothing is fresh and new, you blockhead! IT’S POP!* It is the *appearance* of freshness and newness that makes pop pop, Pop. And creating the appearance of freshness and newness requires a constant re-combining of the various time-tested pop utensils (melody,

harmony, hooks, what-frickin’-ever) into new configurations, then applying them either in a way nobody thought to apply them in before, or in a way that no one has applied them in for such a long time that their reapplication in such a manner seems novel, genius, and rad. *And THAT’S how the sausage gets made, motherfucker!* Thus, pop-punk’s problem isn’t that pop-punk sucks (note: Anyone who feels the urge to tell you that pop-punk sucks is a turd who is doing little else than embarrassing themselves [seriously, someone was trying to debate the merits of that lame “We Will Fall” song that drones on for ten minutes on the first Stooges album with me online once {that song was apparently written while Iggy was waiting for Nico in his room at the Chelsea Hotel. One assumes that by the time she got there, the Igster was sound asleep, and she exited unsatisfied but with virtue largely intact}, and eventually their big comeback was “I’d still rather listen to that song than shitty ’90s pop-punk!” I was like, wow dude, sick burn. Nothing like digging into a vat of twenty-five-year-old sour grapes to make ya look like a fuckin’ twit, ya twit. Oh my stars and garters, however shall I recover from such an inspired skewering?]), it’s that pop-punk *really has not changed* over the course of the last two-going-on-three decades. It still sounds like it’s a lot of bands who took their cues from the Great 20th Century Queersiness Glut, which is, frankly, nothing I have a terrible amount of interest in seeing continue, listening to, or buying. I don’t hate it or anything, but, I dunno... basically, who gives a fuck? As such, I still feel that someone (presumably of vast power, influence, and taste — Thurston Howell the third, perhaps) should make it — hell, should have *made* it — go away, and come back different (or would that be “differ-

ently?” I’m struggling with the adverb/adjective thing here). Or, at bare minimum, just have made it go away (assuming, eventually, mutation would work its inevitable magic and it would come back different [or differently] anyway). If pop-punk twenty or twenty-five years ago was Covid of the ear, pop-punk in 2021 is the Delta variant of the tympani. *Citizens, please! Where is your sense of civic duty? IF YOU LOVE POP-PUNK, KILL POP-PUNK RIGHT NOW!* Wait. Hold on (pokes head outside, looks around). Shit. Too late. Well, I tried. Anyway, as far as the compact disc aspect of things goes, if nothing else, CDs are better than cassettes, and *way* better than 8-tracks. They’re kind of like a download that comes with a souvenir, although I really feel the format is best utilized for anthologies and other projects where you get a running time in the 50-55 minute range (I dunno why, that just seems like the sweet spot to me). Jewel boxes are gross, though.

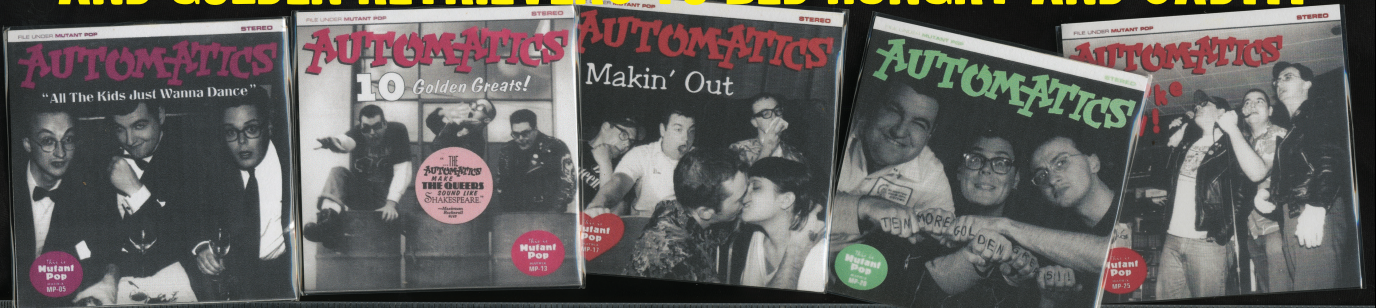
Thus, in summation, the only way our planet will be able to overcome the great peril represented by Timbo’s resuscitation of ’90s-style pop-punk CDs is to deprive this demonic flame of its oxygen — you, dear reader, need to *buy as many compact discs from this catalog as your local ordinances permit!* We need to completely run Timbo’s inventory down to low enough levels that lack of product essentially puts him out of business! Only then can we halt the spread of this ghastly disease! Please, stock up now! Think of the children! *ONLY YOU CAN PREVENT POP-PUNK!* Please give as generously as your means allow. Thank you.

Sincerely,
Rev. Nørb

(Rev. Nørb writes for Razorcake.)



NEFARIOUS CARIBBEAN CD3 PIRATE CONTINUES TO STEAL FROM MUTANT POP AND ITS BANDS, SENDING CHILDREN AND GOLDEN RETRIEVERS TO BED HUNGRY AND SAD!!!



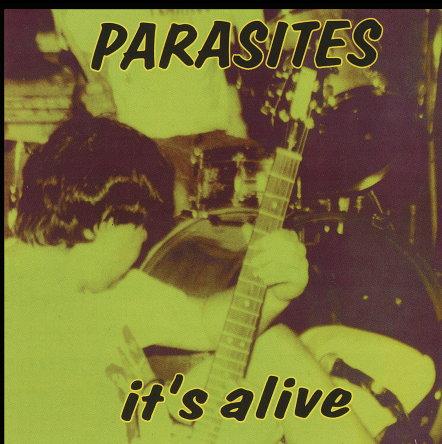
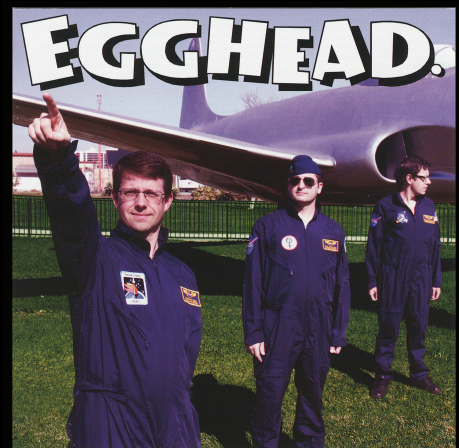
Okay, so that's sort of not entirely true. I've actually been egging the pirate on and you all have been pigging out on his product so I've been buying more. He might have kids or golden retrievers that are being fed by all this minidisc lunacy, for all I know. In any event, our mysterious friend from The Tropics has five more lovely 3-inch CD miniatures for your enjoyment this month — the five Automatics EPs! Yeah, these play, but you have to have a boombox or a computer drive with a spindle to make it happen. The price remains **\$5 each** — or the **set of 5 for \$20**. These are burned and stickered one at a time by an MP super fan. It is a ton of work. They are very, very cool. Quantities are extremely limited, I think we are currently at 2 dozen sets of the Autos, some of which are already in Japan. A few more of the sets advertised last month have also arrived, featuring five out of print MP records (Round Nine, Boris D&M, Ever-ready, Underhand 07, and D4). So that makes a total of ten discs available, not counting sleeve varieties. Keep an eye on my Facebook page if you're interested in variant collecting — The Pirate is a super collector and he's touching all the bases, did I mention that?

Timbo's Picks — Start Your CD Order Here!



AFTER SCHOOL SPECIAL s-t (1997, 2021 reissue). Finally available is this Mutant Pop classic. Two disc set including scratch tracks for the album recording session. Comes with download codes for both discs for all you kids with fancy phones.

EGGHEAD "Would Like a Few Words With You" (2010). When normal people miss a title in their collection, they go buy one. I bought over 100! I emptied Knock Knock's closet, all copies in my basement now. Personal favorites of mine, super nice guys! Great album!



PARASITES "It's Alive" (1997). Part of the Ramones full albums covers series. The best Ramones album, actually, done well by a great band. Don't let the terrible cover art put you off. I bought the last 60 remaining copies from the band of the total pressing of 500. Rev. Nørb liner notes explain the big lyrical joke.

THE PROMS "Second Base" (2001). Another MP band. I didn't intend to corner the market on this one, but accidentally did when I stashed a couple boxes for 20 years. Harmonies up the ying-yang. Arguably their best effort. Great!



ANY COMPACT DISC HERE JUST \$10 (BUY 4 AND THE 5TH DISC IS FREE!)

First: drop me an email at MutantPop@aol.com to check availability. *Second:* either Paypal money to the same address (using their "Money to a friend" option saves 5.9% and is appreciated) or go old school with the mail order form. Hiike!

Adorkables	She Loves Me Not	Connie Dungs	Songs for Swinging Nice Guys	Freeze	Freak Show + Crawling Blind
After School Special	self-titled [DOUBLE]	[A Radio With Guts]	Beat Heart Sweet Stereo	Freeze	Land of the Lost + Rabid Reaction
Anger	Juvenile Anthems	Copyrights	Mutiny Pop	Freeze	One False Move
Anxieties	The Next Mutation	Copyrights	We Didn't Come Here to Die	Frustrators	Achtung Jackass
Apers	Reanimate My Heart	Coruscants	self-titled CD	Frustrators	Bored in the USA
Apers	Skies are Turning Blue	Coruscants	Stormtrooper in the Streets	FYP	split CD w/Chainwa
Apers	The Wild and Savage Apers	Crappys	7 Inches Around!	Gain	ABCD&E (1992-1998)
Attention Deficit	Adventures in Laissez...	Creeps	Gamma Gamma Ray!	Gamits	Antidote
Automatics	Murder/Suicide	Crumbs	Dade County Trash	Gamits	Endorsed by You
AV Club	self-titled CD	Crumbs	Get All Tangled Up	Gamits	This Is My Broomstick CDEP
Barbariettes	Slobber Knocker!	Damnation	self-titled CD	Gamma Men	Driving Music
Be My Doppelganger	No Composure	Dancing Cigs.	The School of Secret Music	Gimcrack	Bad Day Every Day
BeatBeatBeat	Living in the Future	Darlington	All the Wrong Moves	Gotohells	Demolition
Beatnik Termites	Bubblecore	Darlington	Girtroversy	Gotohells	Six Packs and Race Tracks
Beatnik Termites	Sweatin' to the Termites	Darlington	Louder Than Morrissey	Government Issue	Complete History Vol. 2
Beautys	Thing of Beauty	Darlington	Moron-a-Thon	Grand Prixx	Prixology (1998-2001)
Beltones	On Deaf Ears	Darlington [as Mess]	Pretty Ugly	Groovie Ghoulies	Go! Stories
Big in Japan	Who Really Needs a Heart...?	Dateless	Everything Could Turn Out Right...	Groovie Ghoulies	Re-Animation Festival
Black Cat Music	This is the New Romance	Ded Bugs	Planet of Blood	Groovie Ghoulies	World Contact Day
Black Jax	self-titled CD	Ded Bugs	Sugan-Coated Snot Pops	Grover Kent	Me, Myself, and Your Mother
Black Market Baby	Coulda... Shoulda...	Despised NJ	1999	Gungans	And the Fans Who Hate Them
Bladder Bladder Bladder	On the Job with...	Dickies	All This and Puppet Stew	Hallingtons	Hexed 1-2-3-4
Blow Pops	Charmed, I'm Sure	Dimestore Haloes	Long Ride to Nowhere	Hanson Bros./Automatics	VML Live
Bobbyteens	Young and Dumb	Dimestore Haloes	self-titled CD	Hemlock	Give Kids Candy
Bollweevils	Stick Your Neck Out!	Dirt Bike Annie	Hit the Rock!	High Tension Wires	Midnight Cashier
Boris the Sprinkler	8 Tesicled Pogo Machine	Dirt Bike Annie	split CD w/POPSTERS	High Tension Wires	Send a Message
Boris the Sprinkler	Gay	Dog Pound	King Dickley Cool	Highschool Dropouts	self-titled CD
Boris the Sprinkler	Group Sex	Dog Pound	The Forward Look	Hitmen 3	Bubbling Under
Boris the Sprinkler	Mega Anal!	Dogs	Fed Up	Hospital Job	Never Get Cold
Boris the Sprinkler	Saucer to Saturn	Dopamines	Vices	Hospital Job	The Believer
Boris the Sprinkler	Suck	Dr. Bob's Nightmare	Stinkin' Thinkin'	Houseboat	The Delaware Octopus
Bovver Wonderland	Forgotten Heroes	Dropouts	Come On!	Huntingtons	split w/Retarded
Briefs	Off the Charts	Egghead	Dumb Songs for Smart People	Huntingtons	Good, The Bad, and the Ugly
Broken Bones	Time for Anger, Not Justice	Egghead	Would Like a Few Words With You	Ill Repute	Rusty
Busy Signals	self-titled CD	Electric Frankenstein	Spare Parts	Jackie Papers	Uckfay Ooyay
Capguns'n'Coke	split w/Grizzley Ends	English Dogs	Live in Helsinki	Jagger Holly	DJ Free Europe
Capitalist Kids	At a Loss	English Dogs	What a Wonderful Feeling...	Jagger Holly	It's Christmas Somewhere
Carmines	We're Not For Everyone	Epoxies	self-titled CD	Jagger Holly	Last of the Intern. Playboys
Carter Peace Mission Disco	Stu Likes Disco...	Estranged	Static Thoughts	Jagger Holly	split w/Nerdy Jugheads
Channel 3	CH3	Even in Blackouts	Romantico!	Jasons	Get Fucked
Charlie Brown GaV	Commencement	Even in Blackouts	Zeitgeist's Echo	Joe Jitsu	Catastrophe
Cheifs	Holly-West Crisis	Expoding White Mice	Collateral Damage	Joe Jitsu	Start It Up
Chelsea	Live and Well	Fabulous Disaster	I'm a Mess	Joe Jitsu	The Perfect Life
Chemo Kids	Radiation Generation	Fairlanes	split CD w/Stinking Polecats	Johnnies	12 Steps to Nowhere
Chick Magnets	Girl Crazy	Fear of Lipstick	self-titled CD	Karmella's Game	You'll Be Sorry
Chick Magnets	Low Budget Super Heroes	Fiendz	Cole	Kepi & Copyrights	Re-Animation Festival
Chinese Telephones	self-titled CD	Fiendz	Dreams	Kobanes	False Accusation
Chopper	Did You Hear That?	Flamingo Nosebleed	Degenerate Pop	Kobanes	Halfway to Sanity [Ramones]
Chubbies	Sleeping in His Tee Shirt	For Science	Tomorrow's Another Day	Kobanes	Lethal Injection
Classic Pat	Songs My Friends Wrote	For Science	Way Out of Control	Kobanes	Public Affection
Commies	Rock'n'Roll Alone	Forgotten	Keep the Corpses Quiet	Koopas	Complete Koopas (in Reverse)
Connie Dungs	Eternal Bad Luck Charm	Forgotten	Veni Vidi Vici	Kosher	Death to Drama
Connie Dungs	self-titled CD	Foxymorons	Rodeo City	Kung Fu Monkeys	Christmas for Breakfast

Kung Fu Monkeys	School's Out, Surf's Up...	Prostitutes	self-titled CD	Sprained Ankle	self-titled CD
Last Chucks	Zombie High	Proteens	Hot Lava Treatment	Statues	Terminal Bedroom
Lawndarts	13 Songs About Nothing	Proteens	split w/Peabodys	Stink	New World Odor
Lawndarts	Volume 2	Prozac, J	Here Is My Heart	Stink	Splitting Nothing Up Three Ways
Leghounds	Date Your Daughters	Prozac, J & Bil McRackin	Doubtfire	Stinking Polecats	A Song for Your Boyfriend
Leghounds	Ready to Go!	Prozacs	Ambivalence	Strike	Shots Heard Round the World
Leghounds	self-titled CD	Prozacs	Cleaning Out the Closet	Supernovice	Timely
Lemonaid's	Drop In... + Back to the Beach	Prozacs	Exist	Tantrums	Motels
Lone Wolf	Together Alone	Prozacs	Is This How it Ends?	Tarleks	Season One
Love Hearts	As If	Prozacs	Live at CBGB	Tattletales	Hearts in Tune
Love Hearts	Melt My Heart	Prozacs	Playing the Chords We Love	Teen Cool	Adolessons
Lucy and the Rats	Got Lucky	Prozacs	Questions, Answers, and Things...	Teen Sensation Glasses	Fuzzy
Lucy and the Rats	self-titled CD	Prozacs	split w/Johnie 3	Teen Sensation Glasses	self-titled CD
Mad Parade	Clown Time is Over	Prozacs	Thanks for Nothing	Teen Sensation Glasses	split CD w/ Vents
Mad Parade	Re-issues [Comp]	Pubes	Peat Sounds	Throbs	Far from Perfect
Mad Parade	This is Life	Putz	Clinically Inane	Throwaway Generation	Alive on the Street...
Mainstay	Quarter Mile Turnstile	Putz	Hole in One	Thuggs	self-titled CD
Manges	All is Well	Putz	Knock It Off	Torture Kitty	Yardsale
Marbles	Seduction	Queers	A Day Late and a Dollar Short	Tranzmitors	self-titled CD
Maxies	Greenland is Melting	Queers	Pleasant Screams	Travoltas	Travoltas Party!
Maze Effect	Horseshoes and Hand Grenades	Queers	Weekend at Bernie's	TV Killers	Playin' Bad Music Since '92
MC Chris and the Lee Majors	NYU 8-Track	Radio Buzzkills	Get Lost!	Undead	First, Worst, and Cursed
Minds	Plastic Girls	Randumbs	Search of Abominable Sonoman	Unlovables	Heartsickle
Misery Index	self-titled CD	Randy Bastards	All Signs Point to Possibly	Valentines	Show Us Your Hearts
Misfires	Dead End Expressway	Real Swinger	self-titled CD	Various Artists File	Under: Mutant Pop Tribute
Mixelpricks	After Darkness, Light	Reducers SF	Crappy Clubs and Smelly Pubs	Various Artists	Insubordination Fest 2007
Mixelpricks	Bitter?	Rehabs	Rock and Roll Riot Act	Various Artists	Invasion of the Insectoids!
Mixelpricks	Newest Album	Retarded	Goes Louder	Various Artists	Italia Punk 2000
Mixelpricks	Pop Punk is Dead	Rev. Nørb	Earth's Greatest Rocker!	Various Artists	Vindictive That Was Now...
Modern Machines	Take It, Somebody	Rev. Nørb	Touch Me I'm Weird	Various Artists	Punk Rock Academy
Morning Shakes	Switchblades and Sideburns	Rhythm Collision	Collision Course	Various Artists	Shreds 2: Amer. Und.1994
Mugwumps	Mutation in the Family	Robinsons	Party! Recorded "Live"	Various Artists	Shreds 3: Amer. Und. 1995
Mutantes s	elf-titled CD	RocknRoll Television	Taking Back Airwaves	Various Artists	Shreds 4: Amer. Und. 1996
Mute-Ants	The Terrible Tunes of	Ruth's Hat	Bye Bye Love	Various Artists	Shreds 5: Amer. Und. early 90s
Ohno Express	split CD w/Soon	Ruth's Hat	Nostalgic for Right Now	Various Artists	Six on a Disc: Volume One!
One Man Army	Dead End Stories	Sam the Butcher	Sheltered	Various Artists	Skate or Fly: Tribute to TBR
Panic	Get Well	Sassy	Diggin' Deep	Various Artists	Summer Sounds 1
Parasite Diet	Braindead	Sassy	Get a Grip	Various Artists	Summer Sounds 2
Parasite Diet	Coast to Coast	Scrubs	Makin' a Mess	Various Artists	Transylvania Style Punk Rock
Parasite Diet	self-titled CD	Sex Dream	Candle on My Brain	Various Artists	Where the Fun Never Sets 2
Parasites	It's Alive [RAMONES!]	Sex Robots	self-titled CD	Varsity Weirdos	Can't Go Home
Partisans	Idiot Nation	Shadow Cats	self-titled CD	Vaseliners	Sorry, We're Late
Pat Dull & Media	Whores Gimme the Whores	Shake Ups	Cartoon Hits, Vol. 1	Veterans	self-titled CD
Pat Dull & Media	Whores Master of Pop Hits	Shake Ups	Meddling Kids	Vikings	Best Head Ever [DOUBLE]
Peabodys	All Out of You	Shifters	Shattered	Vista Blue	Good Eye
Peabodys	Scared Shitless	Shindigs	self-titled CD	Vista Blue	split w/Grim Deeds
Peter and the TTB	Journey to the Center...	Shock	split CD w/Silencers	Vista Blue	Tricks and Treats
Peter and the TTB	Soberphobia	Sicko	A Brief History of	[Ralphie's Red Ryders]	Shoot Your Eye Out-
Peter and the TTBs	Matings Sounds...	Skimmer	Compitoenail	!Wild Sandals	Sandale Grande
Pink Lincolns	Back from the Pink Room	Skiptracer	Triple Dog Dare	Workin' Stiffs	Dog Tired, and Then Some
Pink Panthers	Girls Just Wanna Have Fun	Skulls	The Golden Age of Piracy	Workin' Stiffs	Liquid Courage
Pinkerton Thugs	The Pain and the...	Slingshot Episode	Fault Lines Sleep for Now	Yellow Sloth C. Broth	Sweet Merciful Crap
Plow United	Three	Smokejumper	self-titled CD	Yum Yum Tree	Glittering Prizes...
Plus Ones	Oh Me of Little Faith	Solecismi Pedestri	split w/Killbodies	Zatopeks	About Bloody Time
Pool Party	Number One	Songs for Emma	Red Lies and Black Rhymes	Zatopeks	Ain't Nobody Left But Us
Popsters	All of You	Sonic Dolls	Riot at the Sheep Dog Trials	Zatopeks	Damn Fool Music
Pressure Point	Life's Blood	Sons of Hercules	Hits for the Misses	Zillionaires	self-titled CD
Products	Fast Music	Soviettes	split CD w/Valentines	Zoinks!	Panorama CDEP
Promdates	Beer Run	Space Cookie	Your CD Collection Still Sucks	Zoinks!	Stranger Anxiety
Proms	Second Base	Spinoffs	Straight Leather Jacket		

This is Mutant Pop

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L I N E R N O T E S

Death of an MP family member

I was saddened to learn recently of the death of Walt Rossmann of Venice, Florida, on September 10, 2020. Walt, the drummer for the band No Fraud, was the founder, master craftsman, and head janitor for Imprint — for more than a quarter century the place labeldudes in the know went to get their punk record sleeves printed. After a disastrous botch job on the MP-20 Automatics: 10 More Golden Greats! cover by my first printer, I gave all my business to Imprint (with the exception of one full-color Boris the Sprinkler sleeve, which was done elsewhere). In other words, if you have a Mutant Pop record with a number higher than MP-20 in your collection — or a MP Short-Run CD made from 2000 to 2002 — that sleeve was printed by Walt Rossmann in Venice, Florida.



Imprint continues on after the death of its founder from pancreatic cancer. But make no mistake, the American punk rock scene is left with an enormous void in his absence. Walt was a really nice guy, his prices were reasonable, he did high quality work, he didn't lie (trust me, that's a problem with some printers), and he delivered jobs expeditiously.

Walt was only 49 years old at the time of his death. It's brutal that someone so young and so enthusiastic and so committed to a vital sonic underground is with us no more. Hug your kids.

More jewelbox adventures

I never really have liked 5.2 mm "slimline" jewelboxes. They look kind of stupid and they don't hold discs very securely. Going with the black vinyl flips for SRCDs for basically the same amount of money in 2000 was a no brainer for me. Unfortunately, the company that makes the flips, Univenture, is now big into biotech through subsidiaries like Algaeventure Systems, Micro Meta, and as a stakeholder in Biosortia Microbiomics. Creating packaging for the dwindling compact disc format seems to be increas-

ingly an afterthought for them. The black Viewpaks are out of stock, out of production, and unobtainable. This left me in the position of needing to come up with an entirely new form of packaging for SRCDs made in 2021. After looking around at how other labels are packaging their CDs I came to the conclusion that slimline jewel cases were the least bad option.

Solving the problem of making 5.2 mm boxes less stupid looking took more time and thought. The most visually unappealing aspect, at least to me, is the enormous blank plastic margin on the hinge side. It looks cheesy. My first idea was to print up clear stickers and directly stickering the inside of the box. I was quickly talked out of that idea by a couple people who instantly recognized what an enormous, tedious pain in the ass that would be. My mind went to resealable baggies (cheap and classy) to keep the boxes closed in transit, solving the main practical problem. Then I came up with a totally new idea — a common card that could be inserted between the box and the bag, filling the gaps and giving things a more pro look.

I dislike the common black trays of the slimline boxes and initially chased opaque bright red trays, ostensibly to match the faceplate of the disc. I ordered a couple hundred of these, but they came in a gross pink color that looked horrible with sleeves inserted. After fondling a few boxes, I decided that going with crystal clear trays was a pretty good play — the discs do the rainbow thing reflecting light through the bottom. Kinda hard to locate but I found an importer from China with a main warehouse in Nebraska, of all places.

Forthcoming SRCDs

One big problem with SRCDs the first time around was swamping the market. I'm trying to pace things a little better this time around. Rather than dropping 8 or 10 of the old titles in one month, I'm rolling five in August and five in September. Then in October I will try to clean up as many of the canceled projects of 2002 as I can — getting those things documented, even if twenty years late. This reauthorization process has been interesting. It is nice talking to some of the old band guys from yesteryear, none of whom (so far anyway) have so far have expressed a desire to murder me for my previous incompetence. —t.c.

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(And buy something once in a while — that's how I pay the mailman!)**